EPIGRAMMES

in the oldeſt cut, and neweſt faſhion.

A twiſe ſeuen houres (in ſo many weekes) ſtudie

No longer (like the faſhion) not vnlike to continue.

The firſt ſeuen.

Iohn Weeuer.

Sit voluiſſe, Sat voluiſſe.



At London
Printed by *V.S.* for *Thomas Buſhell*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the great north doore of *Paules* 1599



To the Right Worſhipfull and worthie honoured Gentleman ſir Richard Houghton of Houghton Tower, Knight: Iuſtice of Peace, and Quorum: High Sheriffe of Lanchiſhire, &c. Adorned with all gifts, that valour may gine, or vertue gaine.

KNowing, and admiring (Right Wor.) the generall applauſe, and loue which you haue of your cuntrie, wonne (no doubt) by your vertues, ſeated in a hart of curteſie: And the experience which many ſchollers haue had of your kindneſſe, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulneſſe: perſwade me you wil animate my yong Muſe, and vouchſafe to pervſe the fruites, of my not curious nor careleſſe ſtudies: albeit I muſt confeſſe farre vnworthie your Wor: view; Vnleſſe, (like the wiſeſt ſenator) you would haue

your ſerious affaires intermedled with diuers delights, to driue away the tedsomneſſe of time. Then (moſt bountifull Mecœnas) if you fauour the effect of my labour, it will ſerue you for a ieaſt, to refreſh your wearied mind, continually exrciſed in matters concerning the common wealth. And thus I commend my Booke to your mild cenſure, and your ſelfe to your ſoules content.

Yours in deſire

Ioh: Weeuer.

In commendation of the worke and the Author.

Nor doſt thou praiſe, a pockworne tawnie trull,
Nor doſt thou carue a liueleſſe ſlubbred ſtone,
Nor doſt thou fill thy page with great othes full,
Nor doſt thou ſonnet of King *Salomon*:
Nor doſt thou like a loue-ſicke milke-ſop gull,
Vnto thy Miſtris for a kiſſe make mone:
But ſalt with ſugar, honnie mixt with gall,
Muſt needes be praiſde, muſt needes be likt of al.

Now I am ſure thou tendes to vertues lore,
Shewes reading, iudgement, and inuention,
Thus writ the Epigrammatiſts of yore,
And told the world her foule abuſion:
Thus thou and thine ſhal euer enuide be,
And like a Page will Enuy tend on thee.

In Authorem.

Why ſo? *Alcyon* maketh firſt her neſt,
And then into the riuer lets it ſlide,
To ſee if t'wil keepe water from her breſt;
So thou thy neſt my friend in me haſt tride:
I like it wel, it holdeth water out,
Feare fier, fier is the curious ſcout.

T. B. Gen.

In Authorem.

I wiſh my rough-hewne lines might gratifie,
The firſt borne of thy pleaſing Poeſie,
Theſe be but bloſſomes: what will be the fruite,
When time and age, hath made thee more accute?
Meane while how euer *Momus* bite the hppe,
Each man will praiſe the weauers workmanſhip:
When wittie verſe is worthily regarded,
Then ſhall thy verſe be thankfully rewarded.

I. K. Mag: Art.

So

Ad Librum.

So great a ſence within ſo ſhort a verſe,
So great a worke within ſo ſhort a ſpace,
So great aduiſe to find in ſo few yeares,
Addes fame to *Grant*, and thee to Muſes race.

Theſe Epigrams the buds of thy firſt ſpring,
Shew what thy leaues in ſummer time will be,
For more they doe ſprout forth, the more thou ſing
That th'after age thy wit may verifie,
Thus *Grant* is made *Pyrene* our willowes baies
This Booke the honor of thy yong wiſe daies.

Tho: Kedgewin Gent. Vincit qui patitur.

To the Author.

Of Hemp and wooll our country weauers make,
Such kind of cloth as keeps vs whole and cleane,
This silken *Weeuer* ſubtler loomes gin take,
And ſeu'n weeks web hath warpt with finer beam,
His cloth diſcouereth vice,
adorning vertues lore,
Wherefore of greater price,
then Weauers heretofore.

Ed: Gurney. Gent.

In laudem Authoris.

Αἶης τᾶ Λοξίᾳ τὸν ϕιθύρισμὸν ἀκούειν
Ὄρχης τὲ Δίος παιγνίμονας τὲ θέας,
Οὗ γὰρ λῷον ὅτος ἔλκυσε λινέργον Ἀθάνᾳ:
Ἢ δίον οὐκ Ἐρμῆς ϕαιδρὸς ἐχεύτε μέλος
Ῥαικίλον οὖν ἔργον, πολυδαίδαλα γράμματα ταὖτα
Κἶδος ἔχει ϕανερὸν κ' ἄπειλον ἀθλον ἔχει.

Quæris

Eiusdem.
In laudem Authoris

Quæris Amalthea cornu? num quæris & Artis?
Nec sine mente iocos? & sine dente sales?
Huc vertes oculos, animumq́, adverte benignum,
Præclarum docta respice mentis opus,
Sæpe Poeta novem, celebravit carmine musas:
Nunc decima audita est, carmina Musa loqui.
M. Milward mag: Ar:
Statuto bono, sta tuto

Lectores, quotquot, quales, quicunq́, estis.

O let my words be sweetned in a mouth,
(If your great highnesse can discend so low,
As daigne to view my tender-blushing youth,
That twenty twelue months yet did neuer know)
Right *Malmsey* relisht: one which euer saith,
Good, very good, nay, excellent in faith.

Dew

Dew gracious lookes vpon mine infant Muſe,
Nip not my bloſſoms in their budding prime,
Theſe artleſſe lines at leiſure do peruſe,
Only to adde more wings to idle time:
My houering muſe could neuer get that ſpirit,
Which to peruſe me might your fauour merit.

I neuer lay vpon a bed of Roſes,
Twixt Beauties lips entombing of my tong,
Smelling roſe-waterd odoriferous Poſes,
Pleaſing my miſtris with a Mermaides ſong.
Of amorous kiſſing more then loue-ſicke lauiſh,
Whoſe iuice might make my words the Readers
(rauiſh.

The liquid waues nor did I euer plaſh
Of ſiluer-channeld *Iſis* purling riuer,
(Yet *Veſtor*-old nymph-nurſing *Grant* wil waſh
Hir Nymphs: & ſcorns preheminēce to giue hir)
Nor haue I ſpent in *Tromount* my dayes,(Bayes.
Where all good witts(ſome ſay)are crown d with

I cannot ſhew then in a ſugred vaine,
Wit, iudgement, learning, or inuention:
I cannot reach vp to a *Delians* ſtraine,
Whoſe ſongs deſerue for euer your attention:
Nor *Draytons* ſtile, whoſe hony words are meete
For theſe your mouths, far more than hony ſweet.

I neuer durſt preſume take in mine hand
The nimble-tripping Faeries hiſtory,
I cannot, I proteſt, yet vnderſtand
The wittie, learned, Satyres myſtery;
I cannot moue the ſauage with delight,
Of what I cannot, Reader then I write.

Muſt I then caſt in Enuies teeth defiance?
Or dedicate my Poems to detraction?
Or muſt I ſcorne *Caſtilioe's* neere alliance?
Nay, I muſt praiſe this Poet-pleaſing faction;
Leſt in the Preſſe my ouerthrow they threaten;
And of the Binders laugh to ſee me beaten.

O that I had ſuch eloquence as might
Intreate the enuious Reader boue the reſt,
(For his deepe wiſedome cenſures all aright)
That by his lippes I may be alwaies bleſt!
If this ſuffice not for the enuieſt,
Know then, I am an Epigrammatiſt.

Iohn Weeuer.

Intentio operis & Authoris.

For pride with *Clio Tamyras* contend,
For profit *Otho*, all thy Poems ſpend,
Pedro for praiſe, praiſe *Burdoneroes* vice,
Pleaſe thou thy ſelfe, in reading ouer thrice
Tubro thy verſe. Speake faire ye *Gnatoniſts*,
But whip and ſcourge ye *Epigrammatiſts*:
To whip and ſcourge, my cheefeſt meaning is,
With ſeuen ſower rods laid ful ſeuen weeks in piſſe
Yet pleaſure, profit, pride, nor praiſe allures me,
To whip & ſcurge. But vertue that procures me.

To

To the generous Readers.

Epigramms are much like vnto Almanacks ſeruing eſpecially for the yeare for the which they are made, then theſe (right iudging Readers) being for one yeare pend, and in another printed: are paſt date before they come from the Preſſe, that you may put them vp in your pockets (like your old Almanacks) as not befuting this triumphant yeere of Iubile: *yet I beſeech you ſhew me ſome curteſie, in hope to haue the next calculated more carefully. If you looke for ſome reaſons becauſe I keep no order in the placing of my Epiſtles and Epigrams, let this ſuffice, I write Epigrams, and there is an old ſaying:*

Non locus hominem, ſed homo locum, &c:

——— The placing giues no grace
Vnto the man, but man vnto the place.

Some faultes you ſhall finde in the printing, and more in the penning, all which I referre to your owne correction, and my ſelfe to your milde cenſures.

Ioh: Weeuer.

Epig. 1. *De se.*

NOr do I feare the Satyres venim'd bite,
Nor choplogs teeth, ne Railors vile reproch,
Nor male-contented Enuies poysned spight,
Ioues thunderbolt, nor *Momus* long sharp broch.
Nor that I haue in high *Parnassus* slept,
Or pledg'd *Apollo* Cups of Massicke wine:
Or by the fount of *Helicon* haue kept,
That none dare carp these Epigrammes of mine.
But that I thinke I shall be carpt of none,
For who le wrest water from a flinte stone?

Epig. 2. *Ad Lectorem*

Of all my Epigrams, Reader, reade not one,
Nay yet reade two, but rather reade iust none;
Then reade them all, or let them all alone.

*Epig.*3. *In Elizabetham.*

If that *Elizium* be no fained thing,
Whereof the Poets wont so much to sing;
Then are those faire fields in this Faërie land,
Which faire *Eliza* rules with awfull hand:
By BAI th' Ægyptians signifie the soule,
Which doth the bodies appetites controule,
ETH signifies mans hart, from whence we know
The fountaine of their vitall breath doth flow.
ELIZA giues this land the name: BAI soules hart ETH
Name, soul, hart, of this land ELIZABETH.

*Epig.*4. *In Cormungum.*

Cormung did wish wel alwaies to the poore,
Wishing they had of Corne or money store:
When wishing would not fill the poor mans box
The poore man wisht, and *Cormung* had the pox.

Thou'rt

Epig. 5 In Crassum.

Thou'rt medling with my hat, and medling with my shoos,
Thou'rt medling with my ruffes, and medling with my hose:
Thou'rt medling with my gate, and medling with my lookes,
Thou'rt medling with my wit, and medling with my bookes:
Crassus thy medling hath this guerdon only gottē
Medlers are neuer ripe before that they be rotten.

Epig. 6 In Brillum.

Two Contraries more glorious farre appeare,
When each to other they be placed neare:
Vntil I knew this axiom I did muse,
Why Gentlemen so much do Bases vse:
Yet *Brillus* Bases addes to *Brill* no grace,
But make him baser, whom by birth is base:
Gentilitie then *Brillus* first should get,
Before base *Brillus* do in Bases iet.

Epig.7. De Epigr. ſuis.

My Epigrams were all new ready made,
And onely on the Printers leiſure ſtaid;
One of my friends on Sheeps greene I did meet,
Which told me one was printing in Bridge ſtreet:
And would (if ſo it pleaſde me to come thither)
Print with a warrant both gainſt wind & wether.
I thanked him: my Booke to Preſſe now goes:
But I am gulld, he printeth onely hoſe.

Epig.8. In Thyrum.

Thyrus, thou told'ſt one I might be aſham'd
To print theſe papers; and it did ſore greeue thee,
And that thou would'ſt in print be neuer nam'd:
Thou dar'ſt not *Thyrus* therefore I beleeue thee;
Yet twixt vs two this ſtrife we may ſoone ſtint
Looke at your breeches, are they not in print?

Epig.9. De Ingenio, Fortuna, Fama.

Witte scorned Fortune, followed after Fame,
That throgh the world she might extol his name;
Fortune scorned Wit, and gaue him this therfore,
He might haue Fame, but euer with it poore.

Epig.10. De Fama, & Amore.

Flie thou from Loue, and it wil follow thee,
But folow Fame, and it wil flie from thee:
Then flie from Fame, and follow Loue, if either;
Then thou'lt loose fame, & yet attain loue neither:
Since diuers are the waies of Loue and Fame,
No maruel then thogh loue oft end with shame.

Epig. 11. *In Boſcum.*

Boſcus at boules his ſhoulders cannot want,
He thinkes belike thei're made of Adamant:
What way he would his braſil bowle ſhould wēd
That way he doth alwayes his ſhoulders bend:
Hob, hob he cries, pox on that hob, naght's good,
Blow wind, hold Byas, ſuccour there, Gods ( )
But Byas wrong, that oth not ſhoulders drew it
Iuſt by an aſſe, backe to the aſſe which threw it.

Epig. 12. *De carne leporina.*

Plini reports of all beaſts in their kind,
The fleſh is beſt of a ſwift footed hare:
It doth not onely beautifie the mind,
But makes the bodie, face, ſurpaſſing faire:
I wonder then why connies in requeſt
Shuld ſo much be, when hares fleſh is the beſt.

*Epig.*13. *In Rogerum Manners Rutlandiæ Comitem.*

It's not the ſea which doth our land incloſe,
That makes vs mightie to withſtand our foes:
Nor farmes, nor mannours, but where manners be
There ſtands the cittie, from foes danger free;
If *Manners* then make vs our foes withſtand,
MANNERS may wel be cald ROOT of the LAND.

*Epig.*14. *In Craſſum.*

Craſſus will ſay the dogge faunes with his taile,
To men of worth he writes for's beſt auaile:
Craſſus thou lyeſt, dogs write not deedes of men,
Then thou the dog that ſnarleſt at my pen.

*Epig.*15. *In Monoceratem.*

Monoceros hath ſtrength, but hath no witte,
And therefore one horne will the foole beſitte:
But how can't be that he but one horne haue?
When to his neighbour *Bruſus* two he gaue?

*Epig.*16. *De Pœno.*

Poore *Pœnus* had ſince ſtatute was made ſo,
At eu'ry towne ſome cheare, but whip and go:
But euer ſince the Clari-cords came in,
Of whipping cheare he ſurfeited had bin:
He neuer thankes his deereſt friends therefore,
That ſuch good cheere prouided for the poore;
Except the Conſtables were phiſitians good,
To know the ſigne before they let him bloud.

Felix

Epig. 17. *In Felicem.*

Felix the foole, I ſaid, as fooliſh writte,
Therein my ſelfe more fooliſh I did ſhow,
But then he prou'd himſelfe to haue no witte,
That did not call me aſſe for ſaying ſo.

Epig. 18.

Aske *Lygdus* who a Poet is by right,
He with harſh *Horace* thus will anſwere ſtraight,
He that hath pulld his haire quite from his beard,
And can inuent braue oths wold make one feard,
Pulld off his nailes, and left no haire on's head,
Thus would he haue himſelfe a Poet read;
For *Lygdus* had a waſhing for three pence
Three yeares ago, he ne're need ſhauing ſince.

Epig. 19 *In Nigellum.*

If I ſhould chooſe, yea, for my life,
To be thy hawke (*Nigell*) or wife,
I would the hawke chuſe of the one,
She weares a hood, thy wife weares none.

Epig. 20 *In eundem.*

Dogs thou doſt loue, dogs thou doſt feede,
Thy wife thou hat'ſt in time of neede;
And ſtill with her thou art at ſtrife,
Better to be thy dog than wife.

Epig. 21

One ſued for ſeruice at *Florellaes* ſhrine;
Florella kindly did him entertaine
To be her ſeruant, ſhe a Saint diuine;
This high preferment glad he was to gaine;
To make this match her frends he forward foūd,
If but this one thing he himſelfe would grant,
To feoffee her by yeare in forty pound:
He tried his wit (for wit oft comes by want)
And brought them ſtrait within his ſtudie doore,
And there he ſhew'd them old Orations,
A common place-booke of ten quire and more,
Latines, Verſes, Theames and Declamations;
He ſwore theſe coſt four hundred pound at leaſt,
(May be at learning he had ſpent ſo much)
Thats fortie pound a yeare by intereſt.
But marke, her friends ſeru'd him a craftie tuch,
You ſhal haue her (ſay they) but firſt know well,
For ſo much coine you muſt your papers ſell.

Some

*Epig.*22 *De se.*

Some men marriage doe commend,
And all their life in wiving spend;
But if that I should wiues haue three,
(God keepe me from Polygamie)
Ile giue the diuell two for pay,
If he will fetch the third away.

Epig 23 *Ad Michaelem Drayton.*

The Peeres of heau'n kept a parliament,
And for Wittes-mirrour *Philip Sidney* sent,
To keepe another when they doe intend,
Twentie to one for *Drayton* they will send,
Yet bade him leaue his learning, so it fled,
And vow'd to liue with thee since he was dead

Finis.

To the right worſhipfull and noble minded Gentleman, Robert Dalton of Pilling *Eſquier.*

FEaring (right Worſhipfull) leſt I ſhould die altogether vngratefull, Occaſion euery day proffers herſelfe to performe more than my wit dare preſume to promiſe: and it will be long (I feare me) before they iumpe in a full point. In the meane time, take (I beſeech you) a few lines in this waſte peece of paper, in part of a Scholters payment. And withall, if not a Gerfalcon, thinke yet I ſend you a Hawke, which will be agreeable to my wiſh, and your Worſhips worthineſſe.

Ioh: Weeuer.

The ſecond weeke.

Epig. 1 *Ad Robertum Dalton Armig.*

GRace thou (kind *Dalton*) with a ſmiling looke,
Theſe rude pend lines of this my ſecõd book;
And I, my Muſe, and Graces three wil praiſe
Thy iudgement, wit, and valour:
But I, my Muſe, and Graces, are too few,
To pen thy praiſe, to whom al praiſe is due.

Epig 2 *In Tortonem.*

Torto hath croſt his ierkin and his hoſe,
So without croſſes *Torto* neuer goes,
(Except whenas he dallies with his whore,
For then croſt *Torto* runnes vpon the ſcore;
By all good tokens *Roll* a kiſſing tooke:
And *Item* for, did ſet on *Tortoes* booke)
His greateſt croſſe, that wil croſſe al, I dread,
Is, he wants croſſes for to croſſe his head.

when

Epig. 3 *In Tutum.*

When hare-brain'd *Tutus.*

Desunt nonnulla.

Epig. 4.

When witte is waining thus we write of want,
As though our workes were all loſt by the way:
Or for their goodneſſe ſtolne were we vaunt,
And printed ſore againſt our wills we ſay;
Lets write in want, for I haue tried this,
Than one too many, want one better is.

Epig. 5. *De nomine in Marmore ſculpto.*

Great *Marcus* made his pure proud marble toom
In *Pauls* Church wall, for lacke of better roome:
Foule ſnake-eid Enuy, ſdaining his great praiſe,
Hath cut *M.* thus (1 1) as though ſhe meant to raze
His name quite forth of Fames immortal booke,
And breakes the ſtones, makes all vnſeemly look:
If ſtones and names decay, what wonder then
Thogh death deſtroy vs weak and mortal men?

Epig. 6. In Ruffinum.

Ruffinus loſt his tongue on ſtage,
And wot ye how he made it knowne?
He ſpittes it out in bloudy rage,
And told the people he had none:
The fond ſpectators ſaid, he acted wrong,
The dumbeſt man may ſay, he hath no tongue.

Epig 7. In eundem.

Ruffinus hath no tongue, why?
For now he loſt one:
Ruffinus hath a tongue, why?
He ſaies he hath none.

*Epig.*8. *De Carione.*

Cario bragges and sweares his wife's a maide,
A louely *Lucrece*, or *Diana* rather:
Some sacred Saint in womans clothes arraide,
And why? his children are so like their father:
Yet *Carioe's* cousoned, do what e're he can,
She thinks of him, lies with another man.

*Epig.*9. *In Coruum.*

Now old-cook *Cornus* you which do yet scorn it,
That your faire *Fulua* with her golden haire
Should rub your head, & afterwards then horn it,
And al because you see no hornes appeare:
But in thy mouth another man more seeth, (teeth.
In faith thou'rt horned: thou want'st thine vpper

Epig. 10.

——— *Nihil hic niſi carmina deſunt:*

——— Nihil hic niſi berbera deſunt:
ſiue ÿo but no ÿſſh dh, ſiue?

Epig. 11. *In D.D.Palmer.*

Palmers in woods liu'd onely by the Palme,
And gaue to paſſengers the ſweeteſt balme:
In wilderneſſe when any went aſtray,
Then Palmers ſet them in the ready way:
So *Palmer* liues by our freſh Palme the Queene,
(Victorious Palme-tree grow thou euer greene:)
And in a wood or wilderneſſe doth tell
The paſſengers which way they may goe well:
(For the world is a wilderneſſe of woe,
Like paſſengers the people in it goe:)
Thus *Palmer* liues and giues the ſweeteſt balm,
To *Palmer* then of right belongs the palme.

*Epig.*12. *In Caſtilionem malum quendam Poetam.*

Caſtilio writes when he might hold his tongue,
Caſtilio craues, though pardon for his writing,
That's to confeſſe vnto the world his wrong:
Which of the world (at leaſt) deſerue's endiung:
Well, thus the world is guilty of his ſin, (him?
And the world hangs, how can the world hang

*Epig.*13. *In eundem.*

Caſtilioe's ſicke vpon it,
Ioue help him in his anguiſh,
Leſt that worſe verſe he vomit,
So oft as he doth languiſh.

*Epig.*14. *Ad Philerotem.*

A great demeane friend *Phileros* you haue,
And seuen wiues all lying in their graue:
But yet the churchyard farre more profit yeelds,
Than all the reuenewes of your fairest fields.

*Epig.*15.*In Stratum.*

Fortie foure pence brought *Stratus* to a play,
Fortie foure pounds he carried yet away:
A Coni-catcher who calls him for the same?
A Money-catcher may be *Stratus* name.

Epig 16. In obitum piissimi sapientissimi, omniq; virtutum genere cumulatissimi viri Richardi Upcheri Armig.

How Nature triumph't at this *Upchers* birth!
Swore he should be th' ornament of the earth:
In him she placed her imperiall throne,
As though mankind remaind in him alone:
All Wisedome, Vertue, Courage in his brest,
As in their fairest lodge should alwaies rest:
But when Death saw this better worke of Nature,
And all perfections found in this one creature;
Death likewise triumpht, and was wondrous glad
That such a Champion to assault he had:
Whom if he killd he killd (he kild we find)
All Wisdome, Vertue, Courage, and Mankind.

Some

Epig. 17 *In Calvum.*

Some ſay that *Calvus* lately loſt his haire,
By *Paris* garden bayting a white beare,
The wiſer ſort affirme that he was ſhauen
In Deuils ditch, Knaues acre, Cuckolds hauen:
Aske *Calvus*, he of ſcripture makes a ſcorne,
Naked hee le die, for naked he was borne.

Epig. 18 *In obitum Mirmedonis.*

Here lies the man who whilom in a trance
At *Tiburne* di'de wounded by men of *France*,
For wading *Tiburne* there he got a queaſe,
Which brought the perpendicular diſeaſe,
And afterward of rope-ſeede tooke a ſurfet,
Which cauſd him be canvaſt in a hempon blāket:
Well, *Mirmedon* was ſure to go to wrecke,
When that red headed *Taurus* rulde the necke

Epig. 19 *In Lollus.*

The lurcher *Lollus* at the Ordinarie,
Wil ieſt of all mens manners in the Cittie,
Another ſot applaudes him ſitting by
Thus: Sir, by heau ns, that was wondrous wittie:
I ouer-heard and when I heard the beſt,
In faith t'was but an ordinarie ieſt.

Epig. 20 *In eundem.*

I laugh't aloude to heare this wind-falne man
Say, that he courted (at the play) his whore;
Shall Court run currant for a Curtezan?
Were Ladies euer thus abuſde before?
Then *Ioue* a boone yeeld, yeeld to my requeſt,
Make me a Ladie, for his ſake at leaſt.

Epig.

Epig. 21 *In obitum ſepulcrum Gullionis.*

Here lies fat *Gullio*, who caperd in a cord
To higheſt heau'n for all his huge great weight,
His friends left at *Tiburne* in the yere of our Lord
1 5 9 and 8
What part of his body French men did not eate,
That part he giues freely to worms for their meat

Epig. 22 *In Coam.*

A nor Ω will *Coa* eſpie,
Till ſhe aſcend vp to the corner'd Π.

Epig.

Epig. 23 *Ad Robertum Dalton Armig.*

Kindnes it selfe, and Vertues vicegerent,
Learnings maintainer, Powerties releeuer,
Valours bright ensigne, Honors heire apparent,
Gentlemans behauiour, Governments vpholder,
These titls claim, these, more thē these thine own,
If more may be, or more in mā was known.

Epig. 24 *In Vertumnum iudicem.*

Wicked *Vertumnus Perylus* redeem'de,
With (T) though (Θ) *Perilus* deseru'de,
For *Chion* (Θ) though it better seem'de
For *Chion* (T) for *Chion* neuer sweru'de:
With (Λ) *Lolus* held in law too long,
Thus *Peril, Chion, Lolus* he did wrong.

Epig.

Epig. 25 *Ad Lectorem.*

Curteous kind Reader, find my meaning out,
Whilſt that I go the hemiſphære about,
My wit's in waining, darke, obſcure, and dull,
Therefore muſt change before it be at full:
To *Phœbus* orbe my wit doth goe this night,
Of him to borrow ſome tranſpiercing light.

Finis.

To the right worſhipfull, ſir Richard Mullineux knight, indued with the depth of wiſedome, and all good gouernement.

THe wiſeſt Romans (right Worſhipfull) delighted in the counterfet geſtures of Roſcius; *the graueſt* Cato *would haue his feſtiual day to frolicke in: then I thinke your thoughts intended to moſt ſerious ſtudies, will ſometimes take delight in trifles. And for a preparatiue to your mind-refreſhing paſtime, here are a few pilles, which will purge melancholy: Prouided alwayes this, that litle is their vertue in operation, vnleſſe you pardon the giuers preſumption.*

Ioh: Weeuer.

The third weeke.

Epig. 1 *De Interlunio.*

The half fac'd *Moone* nights gouerneſſe did chāg
When in the Crab the Sunne was retrograde;
To th'hot dry Lion ſtrait ſhe meant to range,
Till with the Dog in longitude he ſtaide:
So this next week by theſe ſignes you may gather
You muſt expect crab'd, dry and dogged wether

Epig. 2 *In Fuſcam*

Tell me *Bollana* if thou can,
What meanes thy Miſtris weare a fan?
So faire a fan, ſo fowle a face,
Fuſca, or fan, muſt needes diſgrace.

Epig.3 Ad D. Mountеagle.

Mountеagle, which art now thy cuntries pride,
Vnto thy worth would I could tune my verse,
Then Wit and Art, and all I would prouide,
To be thy Poet, and thy praise rehearse:
But with my Art I cannot equall thee,
Then thou thy self must needes commend for me.

Epig.4 De homine in Luna.

When *Bunas* view'd the wandring plannets seau'n
He spide a knaue in Moone all cloth'd in blacke,
Who for his theft could come no nearer heau'n,
But bore a bush of sharp thornes on his backe:
A knaue in Moone? what needе he look so hie?
When in the Sunne a thousand stoode him by.

Epig.5 In Ramistas.

Wisedomes adopted heire say what thou can,
Ramists defend in Moone to be a man,
If please him pisse, then he doth send vs raine,
If drunke, a deluge, and a watry maine: (yeere,
Come down thou man since *Sturbridge* fair foure
Thy pissing made vs all drinke single beere.

Epig.6. In eosdem.

Frō whence doth come this root-vpriuing wind?
From the moons man, when he doth blow behind
Snow, frost, and haile, be scales in's hoary crown,
And from his nose the mildew drops ydowne:
His Camphire breath doth all perfume the aire,
Bedews the flowers, & makes the fields seem fair:
Vapours arising from the earth his meate,
And like a glutton he doth alwaies eate:
I thinke those men be wiser farre then these,
Who think the moon is made all of green cheese.

Epig.7. Ad fatorum dominum

Hence *Braurons* god to *Tauro*minion,
And you leualting *Corybants* be gone,
Fly thundering *Bronsterops* to *Hyppocrene*,
And *Maiors* to Nymph-nurſing *Mytilene*,
Grieſly *Megeraes* necromanticke ſpell
Depart to blacke nights Acherontcke Cell,
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Vnto th'Antipod Iſles of *Taproban:*
Away *Cyllenius* plumie-pinion'd god,
With thy peace-making wand, ſnake-charming (rod,
And al the reſt, not daring looke vpon
Vranus blood-borne brood and fell *Typhon*,
Chymæraes victor great *Bellerephon*,
Thou vanquiſher of Spaniſh *Geryon*,
Stewt *Hasdruball Sicilian* Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroyd'ſt the *Calidonian* Bore
Couragious Conqueror of *Creetes Minotaure*,

Thou

The third weeke.

Thou pride of *Mermeros* cloudy *Semitaure*,
Perseus, whose marbl-stone-transforming shield
Enforc'd the whale *Andromeda* vp yeeld,
You *Argonautes* that scowr'd *Syndromades*,
And pass'd the quicke-sands of *Symplegades*.
Help *Demogorgon* king of heau'n and earth,
Chao's Lucina at *Litigium's* birth:
The world with child lookes for deliuerie,
Of Canniballs or *Poetophagie*,
A diuelish broode from *Erictheonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox* and *Erebus*,
Chide *Pegasus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damne to *Pyriphlegeton*,
Or make this monstrous birth abortiue be,
Or else I will shake hands with Poetrie.

*Epig.*8 *Ad Lectorem.*

Say you that I am obſcure?
Why this is yong mens Rhetoricke,
Owles muſt not iudge of *Corus* ſure,
For he ſpeakes nought but Rhetoricke:
Either too high, or els too plaine,
And this is now a ſchollers vaine.

*Epig.*9 *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet euer writte,
Before that Loue inſpir'd his dull head witte,
And yet himſelfe in Loue had witte no more,
Than one ſtark mad, thogh ſomwhat wiſe before.

Epig 10. *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a mouth *Scaliger* doth make,
And from this letter, mouth his name doth take:
I had beene in *Scaligers* beleefe,
But that I lookt in *O*, and saw no teeth.

Epig 11 *In Fuſcam.*

Is *Fuſcaes* fan gainſt winter, wind, and ſunne?
She ſcornes their force ſo bright her face is done:
Is *Fuſcaes* fan to flap away the flies,
Dare they come nere her eagle-ſighted eies?
Belike they thinke ſhe is ſome Butchers ſhop,
Her face the fleſh whereon they vſe to lop.

Epig 12 *In Byrrham.*

Is *Byrrha* browne? who doth the queſtion aske?
Her face is pure as Ebonie ieat blacke,
It's hard to know her face from her faire maske,
Beautie in her ſeemes beautie ſtill to lacke.
Nay, ſhee's ſnow-white, but for that ruſſet skin,
Which like a vaile doth keep her whitenes in.

Epig. 13 *In Roderingonem.*

If Beard can make a good Diuine,
Then *Rodering* is one:
But Beard can make no good Diuine,
Then *Rodering* is none.

Where

Epig. 14 *In eundem.*

Where Ivie-buſh hangs out ſay I,
There you may wine for money buy:
Yet he for all his buſhie ſigne,
Is but a grapeleſſe dead drie vine:
For take his beard from off his chin,
Both bare without, and bare within.

Epig. 15 *In Fucam.*

In *Fucaes* face the Graces ſeeme to mart,
So like ſhe is the bluſhing roſe-red morne,
Sure in her ſhape the Gods all bore a part,
A withered Hermite fiue-ſcore winters worne
Might ſhake off fiftie, ſeeing her beforne:
Yet *Fuca* dare not venture in the ayre,
For feare the water waſh away her fayre.

Epig. 16 *In obitum Gloriani.*

First life, then death, next death was life before,
And death gaue life, a life for euermore:
Life was not life, til death gaue life, life better,
To death for life then *Glorian* is a debter.

Epig. 17 *In Lycum pædagogum.*

Many are beholding *Lycus* for thy paine,
Which with their sons and daughters thou hast taine:
Beleeue me *Lycus*, I did often wonder
To see the wenches proue so well you vnder:
If that but once to Learnings lore you win them
This I dare sweare, you can put learning in them.

Daphne

Epig. 18 *De Daphnide Apollinem fugiente.*

Daphne of *Apollo* neuer was afraid,
But of the weapons which *Apollo* had;
So modeſt maides of men ſtand not in feare,
But of the weapons which we men do beare.

Epig. 19 *In Brutum.*

The gallant *Brutus* iettes it in the ſtreets,
Faine would haue all looke at his face he meetes.
And leſt he paſſe vnſeene this way doth find,
To cut his ſhooes before broad, and behind
He puts in quills, as if his ſhooes would ſay,
(Stand paſſengers and view me in your way)
And yet the foole what he wold haue doth looſe
For none looke at his face, all at his ſhooes.

Sabidi

*Epig.*20 *Translat. ex Martial.*

Sabidi I loue thee not, nor why I wot,
But this I wot, *Sabidi* I loue thee not.

*Epig.*21 *De Georgio Graue non sepulto.*

Graue was *George Graue*, his grauenes causd him (die,
Graue shuld to graue, yet *Graue* doth graueles lie.

*Epig.*22 *In Gulielmum Covel.*

Covel thy mind thou hast already seasond,
With salt of wit, and relish of all Artes,
With *Plato* oft, and *Aristotle* reason d,
Seeking all meanes to beautifie all partes,
That twixt thy lips diuinitie doth fall,
Like Berill drops from some faire cristall wall.

*Epig.*23 *In D.D. Ouerall Reg. profess.*

Sad Sisters suted in despairing blacke,
Curbe Cares vnrest, sing Carolles now againe,
Leane rake-tooth'd Death is like to go to wracke,
Of *Whitaker* a *Phœnix* breedes againe:
One ouer Death, moreouer, ouer More,
One ouer you, nay yet one ouer all.
Deaths ouerthrow let *Ouerall* be therefore,
A Victors praise of you deserue he shall.
And if my pen could *Ouerall* giue breath,
Then *Ouerall* should still be ouer death.

Finis.

when

To the right worſhipfull, ſir Edward Warren knight, graced with al giſtes both of the minde and bodie.

I Doe preſume (right Wor:) to offer vp to your good liking theſe ſmall indeuours far vnworthy the looking ouer of your ſo worthy ſelfe, yet becauſe I am altogether deſtitute of a better preſent, I hope this ſmall performance will be as willingly accepted, as zealouſly offered, and (hereafter) I vow thus to deuide my chiefeſt ſtudies, one part of the day ſhalbe deuoted to your Worſhips remembrance, and another of the night, in wiſhing you all health and happineſſe.

Ioh: Weeuer.

The fourth weeke

Epig. 1 *Ad auunculum ſuum Henricum Butler Armig.*

IF From the conqueſt thy antiquitie
I would deriue, when *William* gaue thy mot,
Or boaſt the *Butlers* true gentilitie,
My praiſes yet augment thy praiſe would not.
Nay praiſe would be diſpraiſe thy name to blot,
Ne will I praiſe;or praiſe thy ſelfe alone,
Or good deedes praiſe,or praiſes looke for none.

Epig. 2 *In Daconem.*

The Diuel and *Dacon* both by chance did meete,
With congies faire either did other greete,
The Diuel would dice,but *Dacon* had no crowtis
Dacon his ſoule pledg'd for a thouſand pounds;
Dacon could cogge,and ſo the Diuell paid
His thouſand pounds, a thouſand more yet had:
Is cogging then I pray you ſuch an euil?
Nay, ti's a quiddit how to cheate the Deuill.

Epig.

Epig.3 In obitum fortissimi ducis Io: Vpcheri.

Sound a retrait, ye common souldiers sound,
When captains thus imperious death dare woūd,
And steale to steele in powders smoakye maske,
Where Valour lockt was in his plumed caske:
Nay, spite of Death (like him) yet weeping come,
And set this Verse on his heroicke Tombe:
Here Vpcher lies, who striuing Death resist,
Di'de with the fawchon in his manly fist.

Epigramma

The wise Gramarian reprehends my Muse,
Which *In* for praisefull Epigrams doth vse
This Rule; *In pro erga, contra & ad,*
Will proue your good wise gramarisme bad.

Epi.4 Ad R.o: Allot, & Chr. Middleton.

Quicke are your wits, sharp your conceits,
Short, and more sweete your layes:
Quicke, but no wit, sharpe, no conceit,
Short, and lesse sweete, my praise.

Epig. 5 In Thomam Oxburghe

Fame loſt ſome feathers, yet I imp't hir plumes,
My needle naught, Fame flies, but yet the fumes,
Becauſe ſhe can thy praiſes not vpreare,
Nor with the Falcon fetch a cancelleere.
Why thus it is when Falc'ners haue no ſ'ill,
And yet will ſhew a Falconers good wil.

Epig. 6 In Hypocritam fabrum.

I told thee *Sutor Faber* was a ſtarre,
And that he ſhined bright aboue compare:
But ſince he went into the Spaniſh warre,
A rapier for a Bible he doth weare:
The Spaniſh Cut graceth his holy face,
His friend he croſſes with a conge or cringe,
His wifes gowne's laid thicke with veluet lace,
Her petticorte is furr'd with coſtly fringe:
So falne he is, but Stars vſe not to fall,
He was a Comet, and deceiu'd vs all.

Epig. 7. *In Bunnam.*

A ſhaue-beard Barber *Bunna* chanc'd to meete,
As ſhe was going all along the ſtreete;
The Barber ſweares hee's glad they met ſo right,
She ſhould barb him, or he barb her that night:
What was the reaſon of this their debate?
Or what's the cauſe why Barbers *Bunna* hate?
Bunna, ſhe barbs too cheap, and barbs by'th ſcore
And whom ſhe barbes they ne're neede barbing
(more.

Epig. 8. *De Palmone.*

Palmo, a Poet, Goldſmith, or a Glouer,
That ſo with gloues *Nans* loue thou doſt retaine;
A thouſand verſes of a faithfull louer
Could not ſuffice, but thou muſt ſend a chaine:
Nan laugh's at thee, and wiſheth in her heart,
The chaine were longer, and the letter ſhort.

Eripha

Epig.9 In Eripham vetulam.

Eripha that old trot euery day
Wafts o're the water for to see a play,
And there a withered ore-worne face she shows
Beset with Rubies, and stopt full of Oos.
This water-witch a patch hath for th'rheume,
Her carkas she with Aloes doth perfume;
With muske, ciuit, olibane, myrrh, incense,
Breathing out an aromaticke redolence:
Her foulenesse makes me oft mine eies vp close,
Her sweetnes makes me wish I were all Nose.

Epig. 10 *In Steronem Legislatorem.*

Nor do I praise thy heart thats ill intending,
Nor yet thy mouth thats foolish and a lier,
Nor yet thine eies, thei're purblind still offending,
Nor thy false tong, that is a burning fier,
Nor hands, for hands take oft more than their fees
Nor arms, nor legs, nor brest, nor back, nor knees

Yet *Steron* giue me but one weeke thy vailes,
And I will praiſe, thy haire, thy beard, thy nailes.

Epig. 11 *In Spurium quendam ſcriptorem.*

Apelles did ſo paint faire *Venus* Queene;
That moſt ſuppoſde he had faire *Venus* ſeene,
But thy bald rimes of *Venus* ſauour ſo,
That I dare ſweare thou doſt all *Venus* know.

Epig. 12 *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe and pleaſe doth *Hugo* neuer none
Yet praiſe and pleaſe doth *Hugo* euer one,
For praiſe and pleaſe doth *Hugo* himſelfe alone.

Epig. 13 *In D.D.Plaiſer.*

Was't heauenly *Plato* in whoſe mouth they ſay
The Bees were wont their home combs to lay;
From whoſe ſweet lips ſo ſweet a ſound did flow,
As neuer *Orpheus* made in hell below?
Melliſluous Plaiſer, ſo men call thy name,
And why *Melliſluous* but for *Platoes* fame?
Thy heauenly Muſickes notes charming ſo well,
Can fetch mans ſoule faire *Euridice* from hell.
Since *Orpheus* Harp thou haſt,& *Platoes* Bee,
Melliſluous Plaiſer, fitteſt name for thee.

Epig 14. *Ad Mathonem.*

Matho I'm told that many do thinke much,
Becauſe I call you Piller of the Church:
Matho, you bought a Deanry at beſt rate,
And two church-liuings now impropriate,
And ſold to *Gnidus* a rich Parſonage;
(For diuers cauſes) gaue a Vicarage:
And now hath got three liuings at one lurch:
Art thou not then a pillar of the Church?

*Epig.*15 *In obitum Roberti Shute Inſt. de Reg. Banco.*

Shute did ere-while the Country foſter,
No peny now, no *pater noſter*.
O deſperate Death, how could'ſt thou dare,
To put our Country thus to care?

Could

Could not his Iuſtice ſet him free?
Nor yet his Law perſwade with thee?
Could not his honour ſtay the fire,
Which was the credite of the ſhire?
When Death ſuch Lawyers doth out-face,
Then punies may not pleade the caſe.
When Captaine once doth fall on ground,
Then Souldiers the retaite may ſound:
If Peeres to ground do goe ſo faſt,
Let peſants know they muſt at laſt.
A ſhoote was ſhot which loſt the game,
And yet the *Shute* hath wonne the ſame.
The ſhoote was ſhot vp very high,
Which from the earth to heau'n did flie:
Then praiſe the Shooter and the Shoote,
Which chang'd the world for better boote.

Epig.16 In Robertum Shute fil: Rob: Pre.

How faire yong *Shute* ſhootes at his fathers aime
A few ſuch ſhootes, and *Shute* will win the game:
If *Shute* ſhoote on as now he doth begin,
With learnings arrow hee'le cliue honours pin:
He le hit the white which *Shute* ſhot at (his father)
He ſhootes beyond his vertues I thinke rather:
Thus ſhootes yong *Shute*, if then his father *Shute*
For him we chang'd, we need not ask much boot.

Epig.17 In Rubrionem & Rullum.

Rubrio, Rullus ſnout-faire *Septimel*,
Both lou'd alike, yet could not bring about, (rell
Their chiefe pretence, but needs they muſt appa-
Hir breech-torn husband. Now he walks throw-
The ſtreetes, to tauernes goes, vnto a play, (out
Neuer at home ſaue on ſome feaſting day:
At noone, at night, by turnes enioy you ſtill,
Rubrio Rullus ſnout-faire *Septimell.*

If

Epig. 18 *In Luciam.*

If any maruaile why,
Luce ſelles her loue for gold:
Tis ſhe may haue to buy
Her loue when ſhe is old.

Epig. 19. *In Georgium Meriton, & Georgium Mountaine.*

Your entertaine (nor can I paſſe away)
Of *Eſſex* with farre-famed *Lelius*
Nor fore the Queen your ſeruice on Queens day
When ſuch a Maiſter with you beareth ſway,
How can Queenes College euer then decay?
No. Yet Queenes College euermore hath beene
Is, and will be, of Colleges the Queene.

*Epig.*20. *Ad Dudleum North.*

The ſparkling luſt of a pretious ſtone,
Breedes often wonder to the looker on:
But the reſplendance of this pearle is more,
If laid in gold enameld with ore:
Thy noble birth (yōg *North*) doth ſhine as bright,
As doth a Chriſtall in the darkſome night:
But learning in ſo faire and yong a molde,
Is like a Chriſtall ſtone in burniſht golde.

*Epig.*21 *In Rudionem.*

Yon goes a gallant which will get repute,
From head to heele in his Carnation ſute,
Slops, dublet, ſtockings, ſhooes, hat, bād, & fether,
Red yard-long ribbin, ſee the youth coms hither,
Who leſt his Dutchman hoſe ſhould be vnſeene
Aboue his mid-thigh he his cloake doth pin:
O that he had to his Carnation hoſe,
(I wiſh him well) a faire rich crimſon noſe.

Honie

Epig 22. *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.*

Honie-tong'd *Shakespeare* when I saw thine issue
I swore *Apollo* got them and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heauen born goddesse said to be their mo-
Rose-checkt *Adonis* with his amber tresses, (ther:
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to loue her,
Chaste *Lucretia* virgine-like her dresses, (her:
Prowd lust-stung *Tarquine* seeking still to proue
Romea Richard; more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues, and power attractiue beuty
Say they are Saints althogh that Sts they shew not
For thousands vowes to them subiectiue dutie:
They burn in loue thy childrē *Shakespear* het thē,
Go, wo thy Muse more Nymphish brood beget
(them.

The fourth weeke.

Epig. 23 *In Ed: Allen.*

Rome had her *Roſcius* and her Theater,
Her *Terence*, *Plautus*, *Ennius* and *Meander*,
The firſt to *Allen*, *Phœbus* did transfer (land her,
The next, *Thames* Swans receiu'd fore he coulde
Of both more worthy we by *Phœbus* doome,
Then t' *Allen Roſcius* yeeld, to *London Rome*.

Finis.

To the right worſhipful, ſir Thomas Gerrard knight, Marſhall &c. ennobled with Learnings renowne, and Warres dignitie.

MAny meane Poets (Schollers chiefe patron) offered their wel-meaning Poems to Alexander, *whoſe rudeneſſe hee pardoned. Some to* Auguſtus, *which he highly rewarded. Others to* Cæſar *which he kindly accepted: euen ſo (right Worſhipful) as you ſtriue to ſurpaſſe theſe in Chiualrie, I doe not doubt, but you will equall them in curteſie: and thus (boldly) I referre all to your Worſhips clemencie.*

Ioh: Weeuer.

The fifth weeke.

Epig. 1 *Ad Petrum Leigh de Vnderline Militem.*

THe ancient acts lou'd *Leigh*, yet vndergoes
Of his forefathers, Vnder whose old Line
Haue beene kept vnder *Englands* chiefest foes:
But if Death do not Vndergo the Line
Of life; which now so long and true spun, shows
Hee'le ouergo the Knights of Vnder-line:
And vnder few thus much I doe diuine,
His name will be call'd *Leigh* of Ouer-line.

Epig. 2 *In Rufum.*

Some say the soule within the braine close lies,
Some in the head, in th'hart some, som in the eies,
Others affirme it harbours in the breast,
Others wil haue it in the blood to rest:
Gainst all Philosophers I do suppose,
Rufus red soule lies hid in his red nose.

Virginitie

The fifth weeke.

Epig.3 In Stellam.

Virginitie doth *Stella* ſtill commend,
That for a virgine ſo ſhe may be counted;
Virginitie ſhe might though reprehend,
Since ſhe with *Rufus* in the coach was mounted:
For tell me *Stella* virgine as thou art,
To beare a virgin, is t a virgins part?

Epig.4 In Iſcum.

Iſcus, invite your friends vnto good cheare,
When they before invited are you heare:
But elſe invite them not in one whole yeare.

Charis

Epig.5 In Charin veſtium oſtentatorem.

Charis doth change his raiment thrice a day,
Belike becauſe the weather is ſo hot,
Nay tis to ſhew his needle wrought array,
His golden breeches, and his cordwaine coate:
I haue beene with him, neuer ſaw him ſweate,
But once at table when he was at meate.

Epig.6 Ad Quintum.

Thou askt one thing of me which I denied,
That one thing nothing was, then thou replied,
If it was nothing which thou askt of me,
Then nothing *Quintus* I denied to thee:
Now yet for nothing, one thing *Quintus* know,
For nothing ſomething *Quintus* thou doſt ow.

Epig.7 In Braggadochionem.

Did *Braggadochio* meete a man in field?
Tis true, he did, the way he could not ſhun:
And did he force great *Brundon* weapons yeeld;
Nay there he lies. To vntruſſe when he begun,
He ſtole his weapons and away did run:
Vaine is thy vaunt, and victorie vniuſt,
Thou durſt not ſtay till he his points vntruſt,

Epig.8 In Rubrionem.

Rubrio followes learning, followes mony;
He followes pleaſure, and doth folow glorie,
He followes goods, would follow God alſo,
He followes *Thetis*, *Galetea* too:
So let him follow follies iourney make,
He may long follow e're he ouertake.

Epig.9 In Cumberlandia Comitem.

Is true which saith the *Pythagorean*,
One soule doth animate another man?
Then doth Couragious *Cumberland* enioy
Vlysses soule th'eternall scourge of *Troy*:
For at his becke the windes commander bendeth
And on his full saile fortune still attendeth.
Wherfore his name & his al-conquering hand,
A fatall CVMBER to our enemies LAND.

Epig.10 Ad Nathanielem Fletcher.

If Iudgement, Wit, and Learning I would call,
My simple worke of Epigrams to view,
For Iudgement, Wit, and Learning, *Fletcher* shal
Be cal'd to reade my Epigrams anew:
But iudgement, wit, & learning shal not see them,
Lest iudgement, wit, nor learning he find in them.

Epig. 11 *In Lippum.*

You ſay he ſpendes all, nothing meanes to purſe,
Yet for this fault moſt men excuſde wil hold him
You ſpend iuſt nought; he ill doth, you do wurſe;
And as your neighbours (*Lippus*) of late told him,
You ſpend your ſelfe vpon an errand whore,
He doth ſpend much, but *Lippus*, you ſpend more.

Epig. 12 *In Othonem.*

I pray you (maiſters) do but *Otho* note,
How for his lies he doth an Author quote,
Thus he begins; *Tis true, yea in good faith,*
For as They ſay, and as the Fellow ſaith:
But who e're heard of any that could tell,
Where *Othoe's* (*they*) or (*fellow*) yet did dwell.

Epig. 13 *In Galbum.*

Who ſees not *Galbus* both to bow and crouch
Vnto my Lo.( )horſes and his coach: (forth,
And ſaies (God bleſſe them) when they do come
And thou(fair coach)proud of my L.great worth,
He giues him noght:here *Galbus* heare we ſhal
Curſe his great horſes,coach,my Lo.and all.

Epig. 14 *In Pontum.*

This golden Foole,and ſilken Aſſe you ſee,
In euery point a woman faine would be:
He weares a fanne,and ſhewes his naked breſt,
And with a partlet his Cranes necke is dreſt:
Giue him a maske,for certes hee's afeard,
Leſt ſun,or wind,ſhould weather-beat his beard:
Thus when he weares a partlet,maske,and fan,
Is *Pontus* then a woman,or a man?

*Epig.*15 *In Nauium.*

Great *Nauius* ſtill bids many vnto meate,
His meate is raw that no man can it eate:
All in a chafe, findes fault and ſtrikes the Cooke,
That to his meate he did no better looke.
Yet this poore Cooke is in no fault I know,
For certes *Nauius* bade him roſt it raw.

*Epig.*16 *Ad Thomam Holecroft De Vaile Roiall. Armig.*

Doth *Valorous Holecroft* royalize *Vaile Roiall*,
Or doth *Vaile Royall* royalize his name?
His deedes too great vnuail'd to ſhew his triall,
Then through a Vaile Ile royalize his fame:
Thus from Vaile Royal borrow I the vaile,
To hide his vertues when my wit doth faile.

Epig. 17 *In Iellam.*

Thou haſt a vice if I may call it one,
Nor good, nor honeſt, yet a vice alone,
To come from *London* thou wilt neuer miſſe,
Only thy friends to fauour with a kiſſe:
But *Iella* thou doſt only that man fauor, (uor.
Thou doſt not kiſſe nor trouble with thy ſla-

Epig. 18 *De Rollo.*

Perforce (*Roll* ſaid) from *Sull* a kiſſe he tooke,
And twixt her lips his ſoul (not knowing) left him
But then he ſent his heart his ſoule to looke,
And her bright ey-beams of his heart bereft him:
If with that kiſſe he had not drawn a breath,
Whereby ſuſtaind his ſouleleſſe body is,
That day had beene his diſmall day of death,
Wherein he ſnatcht from chaſed *Sull* a kiſſe:
Tis ſtrange her kiſſe was then ſo pleaſing cold,
When with the beſt ſhe burnt the boy of old.

Whoſe

*Epig.*19 *In Vulpem puritanum.*

Whose lauish-tongu'd precisme will not spare,
The chiefest pillars of our cleargie men,
But to a cast of counters them compare,
Giuing no count with Counters nor with pen:
Nor can I count the waies he doth abuse them,
Though late he had beene in the Counter cast,
If that his cheefe cast had not bin to vse them,
And craue their friendship, for his words or past:
And if cast counters yet he be not giuing,
His cast of counters casts away his liuing.

*Epig.*20 *De Mella.*

From one eie alwaies *Mellaes* teares do fall,
And what's the cause? She hath but one in all.

*Epig.*21 *In Sippum.*

Thou cal'ſt thy ſelfe Knight, *Sippus* of the Poſte,
But on the pillor-I ſay knighthoods loſt,
Yet as thou doſt for ſix pence cut a throate,
At *Weſtminſter* be periur'd for a groate:
Cheate and Cros-bite, to all men do but euill,
Thou maiſt be knight, and ride poſte to the deuil.

*Epig.*22 *Ad Gulielmum Grantam.*

Suffize it *Grantam* that I *Grantam* name
And ſay yong *Grantam* wil keep *Grantams* fame:
Thy very name Antiquitie ſets forth,
And *Grantam* proues a man of noble worth:
Thus do I glaunce at *Grantam*, *Grantam* then
Doth grant too great a ſubiect for my pen.

He

*Epig.*23 *Ad Iohannem Egerton.*

He that would garniſh with a ſeuerall light
Thy ſeuerall vertues, and in praiſe them dight:
He ſhould not want that wittie treaſures ſtore,
Which Muſes gaue to *Homer* once of yore:
But wit I want, therefore Ile ſpare my ſong,
Leſt poore in praiſe, thou count me rich in wrong

*Epig.*24 *Ad Henricum Porter.*

Porter, I durſt not mell with ſacred Writ,
Nor woe the Miſtris fore I win the maide,
For my yong yeeres are taskt, its yet vnfitte
For youth, as eld is neuer halfe ſo ſtaid,
Thy ſelfe which hath the ſumme of Art and Wit
Thus much I know vnto me would haue ſaid:
Thy ſiluer bell could not ſo ſweetly ſing,
If that too ſoone thou hadſt begun her ring.

Thou

To the right worshipful, sir Cuthbert Halley knight, perfected with the ornament of Honor, and titles of Nobilitie.

A Good wit (right Worshipful) wil shew his vigour in any subiect, and trauell as easily ouer a mountaine as a molehill. But mine (vnworthy the title of wit) tyred within three steppes of the mountaines foote, lay plodding there this long, and now at the last, hath brought forth a mouse: if you chance to ride this way, you cannot chuse but laugh, and the pleasant remembrance of this strange sight wil beguile the times haste, and shorten the wayes length: and (perhaps) when you come home, serue for a boorde-ieast: which if it do, I shalbe satisfied.

Ioh: Weeuer.

The sixt weeke.

Epig. 1 *Ad Richardum Houghton Militem*

IF that my pen were of the wing of Fame,
And Gods immortall Nectar for my inke;
Then could I canonize great *Houghtons* name:
Til thē my Muse speaks not what she doth think
Long should'st thou liue in thy gold-gilded tower
If that my Muse could keep thee stil from death:
Long bathe thy selfe in that thy blissefull bower,
If my waste paper could but lend thee breath:
Yet this my duty doe not hold in scorne;
My Muse hereafter may thy praise adorne.

Epig 2 *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, this fift last weeke in dead mens praise
I would not spend one line, because I spied,
That more then halfe the week were fasting dais,
And that thou wert already mortified:
Remember yet (kind Reader) if thou can,
Thou art no more than any mortall man.

Sicke-

Epig. 3 *In tumulum Thomæ Houghton Armig.*

Sicke sad-fac'd Sorrow mixt with maladie,
Vpon this tombe now pitch thy cole-black tent,
Heart-breaking groanes and howling miserie,
Be as Cares canons from Griefes castle sent,
Gainst Deaths pauilion all make batterie.
In *Houghtons* death. Death lõg before death went
Vnrest, pain, anguish, sighs, sobs, tears be coũting
Vntill some write '*Dianæ* three dayes hunting

Epig. 4 *In Gulielmum Houghton.*

Faine would faire *Venus* sport her in thy face,
But *Mars* forbids her his sterne marching place:
Then comes that heau'nly harbinger of *Ioue*,
And ioyns with *Mars* & with the queen of Loue
And thus three gods these gifts haue given thee,
Valour, wit, fauour, and ciuilitie.

Galla

Epig. 5 In Gallam.

Galla with mutton and pottage vſde to pray,
A month together ſaue one *Venus* day:
But now her purenes *Lenton* meate doth faſt,
Three *Venus* daies in one weeke found at laſt:
And yet ſhe ſaith there are too few by three,
Galla would haue all *Venus* daies to be.

Epig 6 In Sullum.

Thou haſt deſir'd me *Sullus* oft indeede,
To thy friend *Mat* to do thy commendations,
I would do more if that thou ſtoode in neede,
Amongſt acquaintance theſe are only faſhions:
Yet wiſh me not commend thee to thy friend,
For I know nought in thee I can commend.

My

Epig. 7

My *Cosens* life(I heare) is new out dated,
And all his pounds could not pay for two yeares,
And two rich *Plutoe's*,for his goods which waited
Snatcht them from me *(a crosse that all men bears)*
But ti's no matter,for goods gotten euil,
Pluto wil hane,or elfe some other deuill.

Epig.8 *In tumulum Iuelli.*

Here lyeth *Iuell*,who knoweth not the reft,
Is worthie to be ignorant at leaft.

Epig. 9 *In tumulum Ferdinand. Darbie.*

Be not so bould to ope this dead mans dore,
Vnlesse thou come from th'aërie house of woes,
Ne dare thou once vpon this Marble pore,
Vnlesse thou poure thy sight out on these toes,
If to faire knighthood thou bearst any zeale,
Vnrest, care, griefe, sad discontent, and woe,
On these fiue bells ring thou a dolefull peale,
Volies of sighes fast after them let goe:
Rest, in vnrest, teares-spitting forge be burning,
Vntil some write *The Muses nine dayes mourning.*

Epig. 10 *Ad Samuelem Daniel.*

Daniel, thou in tragicke note excells,
As *Rosamond* and *Cleopatra* tells:
Why dost thou not in a drawne bloudy line,
Offer vp teares at *Ferdinandoes* shrine?
But those that e're he di'de bewitcht him then,
Belike bewitcheth now each Poets pen.

Marston

*Epig.*11 *Ad Io: Marſton, & Ben: Iohnſon.*

Marſton, thy Muſe enharbours *Horace* vaine,
Then ſome *Auguſtus* giue thee *Horace* merit,
And thine embuskin'd *Iohnſon* doth retaine
So rich a ſtile, and wondrous gallant ſpirit;
That if to praiſe your Muſes I deſired, (mired
My Muſe would muſe. Such wittes muſt be ad-

*Epig.*12 *In tumulum Auari.*

Here lieth he who neuer aught
To man or woman gaue:
And now it grieues him that thou read'ſt
For nought this on his graue.

Epig. 13 *Ad Guliehmum Warner.*

Liue prince of Poets, thy affections guide,
Where Witte attires her selfe in Vertues sute,
Whilst *Englads* fame thy flowing verse doth pride
This be thy praise: Thy *Albion's* absolute.

Epig. 14 *In tumulum Abrahami Simple.*

Within this place lies *Abraham* the *Ciuil*,
Who neuer did good, who neuer did euill:
Too ill then for God, too good for the deuill.

Epig. 15 *in Asinum quendam.*

You know (sir Asse) how you did me annoy,
To steale away my little tale of *Troy*:
And asking for it, you all in a fume,
Twixt two bigge jawes did wholy it consume:
To be destroy'd *Troyes* fortune sure it was,
Once with an Horse, againe now with an Asse.

*Epig.*16 *In Rufum.*

Foule red nosde *Rufus*, fauour thou maist gaine,
If with his children thou would take some paine:
But vntill *Rufus* fauour fairer be,
He should not giue his fauour vnto me.

*Epig.*17 *In Zoilum.*

Zoilus, thou laugh'st but onely when I weepe,
And when I laugh that's weeping cheer for thee,
Then weeping *Zoilus* I will thee keepe,
My booke and me still laughing thou shalt see:
Now quickly *Zoilus* take vp thy four quarters,
And like a knaue goe hang thee in thy garters.

Epig. 18 *In obitum Thomæ Fisher à Io: Fishroccij.*

The Fisher did the fish so dearely loue,
That still he gaue the fish fresh wormes to eate,
O then what should the fish so nearely moue,
To giue the fisher to the wormes for meate?

Epig. 19 *In Scyllam.*

By Lord nor Ladie *Scylla* will not sweare,
By God nor goddesse nor so great a thing,
Yet she commits a greater fault I feare,
In swearing alwaies by her faire gold ring.

*Epig.*20 *In Cynam.*

Nor you did ſweare not once ſince you were born
Yet at each word you ſay you will be ſworne:
A fault you get whilſt you a fault would flie,
For when you ſweare not, *Cyna* then you lie.

Epig. 21 *Liber ad Authorem.*

I'm likt of many, many me approue,
Some like me not, for thy ſake ne me loue:
I do not care: who makes a banquet lookes
To pleaſe his gueſts, & not to pleaſe the Cookes.

But

*Epig.*22. *In Gulielmum Rich: Cantabr: procu.*

But that I am too poore to pen thy praiſe,
I would preſume thy glorious name to raiſe:
Beyond the riches of the Indian land,
Worth more then worthleſſe *Tagus* golden ſand:
But O thy vertues paſſe my praiſes pitch,
Thy learnings fame aboue thy name is rich:
How wel then Vertue ſorts her with thy fame
That art both rich in Art, and *Rich* in Name.

*Epig.*23 *In obitum Ed. Spencer Poetæ preſtantiſſ.*

Colin's gone home, the glorie of his clime,
The Muſes Mirrour, and the Shepheards Saint;
Spencer is ruin'd, of our latter time
The faireſt ruine, Faeries fouleſt want:
Then his *Time-runes* did our ruine ſhow,
Which by his ruine we vntimely know:
Spencer therfore thy *Runes* were cal'd in,
Too ſoone to ſorrow leaſt we ſhould begin.

Epig.24 Ad Iacobum Thornton.

Thornton well read, say not I do thee wrong,
In that I haue defer'd thy praise so long,
Thy gentleman-like parts whenas I find,
With thy graue studies, all in one combinde:
Faine would I praise thee, but I see my skill,
Is now defective to my great good will.

Epig.25 In Ea: Wrightington.

If ventrous youth now in his chiefest prime,
Trauerses loue be wholy thus addicted,
What doth graue eld, with milke-white haires in time?
Assure vs of one vice to be afflicted?
For by and by the plant doth straight appeare,
Which afterward great store of fruit will beare.

To the right worshipfull, sir Peter Leigh of Vnderline knight, honored with all vertue coequall to his auncient worth

FAmes prodigall reporte (right Wor.) of your admired curtesie, and the no lesse vertuous then valorous disposition of Leighs antique family, in whose praise a better Poet might spend whole quiers of paper) perswade me you will reade ouer these few Epigrammes, though farre differing from other writers, presented to the view of your Worship. And weigh withal well affected good will: so shall I attaine my long desired wish, and the end of this my worke.

Ioh: Weeuer.

The seuenth weeke.

Epig. 1 *Ad Thomam Gerard Militem.*

Gerard, among the labours of my quill,
Which my glad Muse presumingly hath writ,
As one right worthie thee commend I will,
For valour, wisedome, bountihood and wit:
But valiant *Gerard*, thee or thine to praise,
Is for to praise the star-bespangled skie,
Fame long agoe vnto the heauens did raise
Thy rare exploits and *Mars*-like Chiualrie:
Sith by thy deedes thy praise abroad doth flie,
Thy selfe commends thy selfe, then need not I.

Epig 2 *In carum fictum amicum.*

Dost thou thinke *Chloes* hee's a faithfull friend,
For whō this wondrous cheer thou dost prouide?
No: he but loues so long as thou wilt spend
Thy beefe and brawne, if that the truth were tride
If euery day I should so costly dine,
Carus I know would be a friend of mine.

Sparsus

Epig.3 In Sparſum.

Sparſus thou'rt ſicke ten times a yeere and more,
Yet not thy ſelfe, but vs, thy ſickneſſe hunts,
When thou recouers wee looke euermore,
For thy releefe ſome Pretour to diſburſe:
Fie, in one yeere be ſicke but once vnneath,
And when thou'rt ſicke *Sparſus* be ſicke to death.

Epig.4 In Pontum

This for a wonder many men haue made,
That *Pontus* houſe ſo many chimnies had:
The workmans skil I for the wonder tooke,
Which made thē ſo that few could ſee thē ſmoak.

Epig. 5 *In Hugenem.*

Did not once thine old familiar friend
Chypius, desire thee ten pounds to him lend;
Sir I haue none (saidst thou) so God me saue,
Yet for his horse eu'n then ten pound thou gauest
Thus for ten pounds thou'lt sooner trust a horse,
Than thy dear friend; & be forsworn, thats worse.

Epig 6 *In eundem.*

And dost thou thinke thou offers *Claius* right,
In causing him ten pounds of debt to pay,
Because that *Boscus* ran the other night
With twenty hundred in thy debt away:
If thou canst lose by *Boscus* twentie: then
In faith by *Claius* thou may well lose ten.

The seuenth weeke.

Epig. 7. In Lacum.

Lacus I saw a cruell Cappe still weare,
(O cruell cap that pulles away his haire)
I wondred much what plague had so him croſt,
That both on chin and head all was quite loſt:
A new diſeaſe (ſome ſaid) a dry hot cold;
Yet this diſeaſe a thouſand yeere was old.

Epig. 8. In Portianum.

Portian is taken for a trauceller:
Why? For he weares a gold ring in his eare,
Certes and if a ring may be a ſigne,
Who better trauceller than his mothers ſwine?
They in their Noſe, he in his Eare;
Whether then is the better trauceller?
Grillus I wot hath deeper gone then he,
If he hath further gone, they euen be.

Epig. 9

But wodden chalices of yore,
Yet golden prieſts were then great ſtore,
Now golden chalices we make,
For wodden prieſts in hand to take:
Lets caſt our prieſts in a new molde,
Or elſe for wood lets change our golde.

Epig. 10 *In Cacum.*

Cacus is angry he hath not a place
Amongſt the Worthies of our Faërie land,
Nor doth the peſant thinke himſelfe too baſe,
Among the braueſt of the Lordes to ſtand:
Hee weares braue clothes; but what weares hee (within?
An Aſſe an Aſſe is in a Lions skin.

Deſ-

Epig. 11 *Ad Musam suam, de obitu fortissimi insigniq; iuuenis Thomæ Egerton militis.*

Descend my Muse into the bed of Death,
(Embalming first his body with thy teares)
And chide the Fates vntill they lend him breath,
Because they rapt him in his youthfull yeares;
Yet stay my Muse, Fates offred him no wrong,
In vertue old he was, in yeeres though yong.

Epig. 12 *In Quintum.*

To giue a booke thou saist I may do well, (sell.
Yet thou n'ere readst a book, before a book thou

Ex-

Epig. 13 *In Tubrionem.*

Extramnemers or Watermen giue roome,
For by his feather *Tubrioe's* spied to come.
A Sculler sir; here is a paire of Oares:
If t please your Worship, I did speake before:
I m your first man; he lies, here is my boate:
Your Wotship lands at Pauls wharfe, doth it not?
No, Westminster; O foole, dost thou not know,
That gainst the wind thou cannot *Tubrio* row?

Epig. 14 *Ad Cordredum.*

O impudent! a liuing! for whose sake?
This meanes to my Lord( )dost thou make?
Fie; thus to beg thy selfe, *One of rare parts*
I am (my Lord) *beside Maister of Arts*, .

And:

And: Go no further, thou art too ſhort leg'd,
And beg no more, leſt thou thy ſelfe be beg'd:
Yet *(Cordred)* thou ſhalt haue (do not deſpaire)
The Vicarage of Saint Fooles at Steeple faire.

Epig. 15 Satyricum in Audrian: lenam.

Looke to your ſelfe, I'le whip you miſtris *Audrie*,
For keeping ſuch a brothel houſe of ( )
Is't true indeede? hath *Sulla* learn'd thy skill?
Dri'de veines and arteries with pure blood to fil;
In drinking cordialls fearing to be too old,
Of Amber-greece prepared pearle and gold:
Mandrake, Eringe and Potatie rootes,
Fiue pound a weeke in Poticaries bookes:
Oh ſtay, no more; for *Audria* I heare tell
Is new become a bride, but in *Bridewell*.

O chide

Epig. 16 *Ad Richardum Houghton Militem.*

O chide me not, for that I doe enroule
Thy worthy name here (*Houghton*) in the end,
For now I hope none will my booke controule,
Leſt thine heroicke ſpirit they offend,
Cloſe with thy Vertues then this ſeely ſcroule,
That praiſe on thee, and it, may euer tend:
Which if it doe I will aduenture then,
To take a taske fit for a golden pen.

Epig. 17 *Ad Lectorem.*

If in the firſt thou count me worthy blame,
Yet pardon me, thus *Homer* did offend,
If in the midſt, then *Podo* I can name,
Cherill in all, *Getulicus* in th'end.
Thy fauour (Reader) then obtaine I ſhall,
I am but bad i'th firſt, midſt, end, and all.

Finis.